

Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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TERMS.

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Doctrine of Atonement Fundamental.

The doctrine of the atonement is a fundamental doctrine in the Christian system; and that which distinguishes it, in a peculiar manner, from all other systems of religion.

It is fundamental, because, often as belief in a Saviour is urged in the New Testament, and urged as the indispensable condition of salvation, equally often is belief in that Saviour, as our atoning sacrifice, urged; and equally conspicuous is this point in the whole system of the Christian religion. It is not merely, or principally, in Jesus as our teacher, our example, or as having sealed the truth of his testimony by his own blood, that we are called to believe; but principally in him, in that very character in which he was "the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, while unto them who are saved, he is wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." What says Paul to the Corinthians? "I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii. 2. Why Christ crucified? Why not Christ as a teacher, an example, a martyr, a prophet? Plainly because whatever was done by Christ in all these characters, it would have utterly failed to accomplish the design of saving men, unless his expiatory death had also taken place. Christ crucified, then, is the very point on which ultimately hang all the hopes of our sinful race. So Paul viewed it, when he said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ." Gal. vi. 14. So we, too, ought to view it. Other systems of religion teach the existence, attributes, and moral government of God. This does Judaism, in its modern form; this does Theism; this does even Mohammedism. Other systems inculcate our social and relative duties. The religion of Hindoos exhibits the deity in a state of incarnation; so that even this is not in all respects peculiar to Christianity. But no religion save the Christian, exhibits the incarnate Word, suffering, bleeding, dying for sinners; a Lamb of God, to take away the sins of the world. This is at once the glory and the hope of the Christian system. This is what marks it with a peculiarity which makes it exceedingly distinct from, and superior to all other systems. Give up this point, and you confound the broad line of distinction which separates it from all else that is called religion. Suffer this sun even to be eclipsed, and the race of man is covered with gloom. Quench his glory, and we are at once involved in ten-fold more than Egyptian night; we are doomed to wander in the shadow of death, on which no morning rays will ever dawn, nor one gleam of radiance ever fall, to alleviate its terrors.

The Body of Christ.

The great central truth of Divine revelation is the incarnation and atonement of Christ. The apostle John declares, that the Word, who was God, the Maker of all things, was made flesh, and dwelt among men on the earth. Thus, "God was manifest in the flesh." When the Son had finished the great work of human redemption, we are taught that God "raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body."

This is one of the very few passages in the Scriptures, in which the word "church" is used by a figure to signify all believers—alike the truly righteous. A church, being a united band of believers in Christ, baptized into a public confession of him as their Saviour, Teacher, and Lord, and into fellowship with each other, is an emblem of heaven itself; and as all churches should be alike, ready like drops of water to mingle in one, each is a model of the whole. For the discharge of their corporate duties they are distinct bodies, each being a complete system in itself for the purposes of its earthly existence; spiritually, in doctrine, in sympathy, in hope, in affection, they are one. Of any one true church, or of all true churches viewed as one, or of all real believers, it may be said with equal truth, they are "the body of Christ."

And what a thought is this! While Christ walked the earth, he was truth and love incarnate. Never had such a phenomenon appeared before in this dark and sin besotted world. It was too much for men,

schooled in hypocrisy and selfishness, to believe that such benevolence could be real. Some sinister design, they believed must be concealed. "He hath a devil," was the cry. But the seal of Heaven has been set upon his mission. When his own bodily presence was withdrawn, his real character shone forth in unclouded lustre. But what shall compensate the world for the loss of him who was the living, breathing, speaking, embodiment of truth and love? Who shall now teach by example, as well as by precept? While Jesus was on earth, he was the pattern of goodness; what will supply his place? Ah! it can never be supplied in the absolute perfection of the great original, but the nearest approach to it is to be expected from his people. They are his body, for they profess to have his spirit, to be ruled by his precepts, to be animated by his love, and to believe his words "that where two or three of you are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Each and every church is a specimen of "the body of Christ," and is declared to be "an habitation of God through the Spirit."

If each church is to be viewed as the body of Christ, there surely ought to be no jarring, no contention among the members. What a sight to see the members of the same body in contention. To see the hands engaged in lacerating the flesh, tearing the hair, beating out the eyes, cutting off the ears, or breaking the legs! This would be a sad sight. It would indicate derangement, or madness. Can any one even think of the body of Christ being so engaged, without shuddering? Contentions, disputing church members, do you belong to the body of Christ? "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed lest ye be consumed one of another."

If the church is the body of Christ, it ought to be employed just as Jesus Christ would be if he were now on the earth in human form. Church member, how do you think he would be occupied, if he were in your place, and sustained exactly the relations which you do? Read his life with prayer, and then go and do exactly as you, in your heart of hearts believe that he would do, if he were in your circumstances. He is your example. Nothing below it is proposed to you. If you, and your fellow disciples are not his body, where shall the world look for a living illustration of Christianity?—*Chr. Watchman.*

Stilled Convictions.

A writer in the American Messenger says:—

More than twenty years ago, I had the pleasure of spending some time in two places in the State of New York, in which powerful revivals of religion were in progress, by the blessing of God upon the labors of Rev. Dr. Nettleton.

In the course of the first revival, in the town of —, a gentleman of my acquaintance became deeply anxious for his soul. He wept, he mourned, he sighed, and no doubt prayed for days and days together. But he was proud and obstinate—he would not submit to God.

One day, his pious, amiable wife, whose anxieties about her husband were almost beyond control, came into his room, and finding him still lingering in his wretched condition, and solemnly fearing that he would grieve away the Holy Spirit, and turn back to the world, she fell upon her knees in his presence, and fervently prayed for him. The husband's state of mind after that prayer, may be conjectured, but not easily described. He literally writhed in mental anguish.

Dr. Nettleton was the wisest man that I ever saw, in tracing out the operations of the human mind, when under the influences of the Divine Spirit. He seemed to possess almost intuitive knowledge of this subject. When he saw a sinner long lingering under conviction, he judged that there was a special cause, and he was pretty sure to detect that cause.

One day, after my friend Lambert, (for so I will call him,) had been struggling with and stifling his convictions for some time, Dr. Nettleton called to see him once more. He talked with him, pointed him to the Saviour, and, perhaps, prayed with him. But there Lambert lingered still—a miserable, desolate, lost sinner. No light, no hope. What could be the matter? Dr. Nettleton smelt ardent spirits. That was enough. He immediately intimated to Lambert that he was drinking with a view to drive away his convictions; and, I believe, the latter did not deny the charge.—Dr. Nettleton solemnly warned the wretched man, and left him. What was the result? The Spirit of God left my friend, and the unclean spirit who had gone out, returned to his old habitation, accompanied by seven other spirits, more wicked than himself; and the last state of that man was worse than the first.

Perhaps ten months pass away, when a blast and a mildew rest upon all that pertains to this miserable man. Nothing prospers in his hands. His business, though formerly flourishing, is in ruins; and he is compelled to leave the beautiful house which he lived. This is not the worst—he

is given up of God. He is undone, to all appearance, for time and for eternity. His lovely wife and his interesting children are desolate and broken-hearted.

Go with me now through yonder street of the town at night, and what do we see? There lies poor, wretched, ruined Lambert, a drunkard in the ditch! O God, what is man when left of thy Spirit! Let a veil, for the present, cover the sequel.

Reader, if the Spirit of God strive with you, as you value salvation, grieve him not away.

A Sermon twice Preached.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me through your columns, to mention an interesting incident, in my rambles through the country. The first day of May, a bright sunny day, as you well know, found me pleasantly strolling around a delightful village, not thirty miles from your goodly city. I will not stop to describe the place, as your readers all know what a country village is. Suffice it to say, I found sufficient attraction to induce me to spend the following day, which was the Sabbath. Although the weather was unpropitious, I found upon entering the church in the afternoon, a large congregation assembled. After the usual preparatory services, the preacher rose and commenced his sermon with this preface: "I propose to deliver a discourse this afternoon, which was the first I ever wrote, the first I ever preached, and the first I ever preached in this place, and which was delivered on the first Sabbath in May, 1798."

The text was in Genesis, i. 1. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Subject: the power and goodness of God, and the immensity of his works.

The sermon, as you may well imagine, was full of interest, both on account of its own worth, and the circumstances attending its delivery. What reflections was it calculated to awaken in the minds of those who heard it, particularly the very few present, who heard that preacher's voice, in his first appeal to his people!

Here then was a man, who, through all the changes and revolutions which have taken place, and which have rent so many Churches in pieces, has, for forty-nine years, gone in and out before his people, followed most of the members of the Church then gathered, to their last resting place, and who now stands before these his spiritual children, speaking to them words rendered serious and weighty, by the wisdom and experience of half a century. An interesting scene truly, to witness a pastor standing as a connecting link between the past and present generation, directing attention to the rapidity of time, as exemplified in his own experience, and to the many changes which must inevitably take place, before another such lapse of time. And long may he live, a guide and counselor to the Church, a witness for the truth, and a monument of the goodness of God.

It may not be amiss to suggest to ministers, as they sometimes wish to use their old notes, that if they will labor in one place till their first sermon is forty-nine years old, they may safely venture upon the experiment of repeating it. How many by this rule, would ever preach an old sermon?—*Boston Reporter.*

The Toll Gate.

We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll gates, for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the host of travellers who do not occasionally stop a little at some one or another of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less, I say, because there is a great variety, as well in the amount, as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and Fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates—the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset; she tempts the traveler with many fair promises, and wins thousands—but she takes without mercy; like an artful robber she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off, a miserable object, into the very worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll gatherer on the road; for he not only gets from his customers their money and health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you meet in the road ragged, and ruined in fame and fortune, are his victims.

And so I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least, tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of those places. The plain common sense men, who travel straight forward get thro' the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to

make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with.—We are all apt to do a good deal as our companions do—stop where they stop, and pay toll, where they pay. Ten chances to one, then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is, closely to observe how others manage; to mark the good or evil that is produced by every course of life—see how those who do well, manage, and trace the cause of evil to its origin in conduct. Thus you will make yourself master of the information most necessary to regulate your own conduct. There is no difficulty in working things right if you know how—by those means you learn.

Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to be a second nature. Good habits I speak of. Bad ones are more easily acquired—they are the spontaneous weeds that flourish rapidly and rankly, without care or culture.

Preaching and Praying.

Among many people there is generally a prepossession in favor of preaching rather than praying; and has a very ill effect in making them both careless about coming to the prayers, and too indifferent to join in them when they are present. But what is the end of preaching? Is it not to teach people their duty, and help them to understand the word of God? What is the end of praying? Is it not to obtain grace, that they may be able to practice what they have been taught? And what will either of these avail without the other? God hath joined them together, and no man who understands his christian profession, will wish to put them asunder. It will consist neither with decency, with order, nor indeed with common reason, to be greedy of hearing and slothful in prayer; it is contrary to the nature of the christian religion; for we preach for others, we pray for ourselves; the best preacher must be saved at last by his own prayers; and it would be unreasonable to think that his hearers will be entitled to a higher privilege. Even Christ himself, who had preached the gospel to all orders of men, completed his mission with praying to the Father for his own deliverance in the hour of temptation; and all his children must be delivered by the same means. So that nothing farther need be said to enhance the value of prayer.—*Jones of Nayland.*

Brooklyn Bethel Society.

The fifth anniversary of this Society was held in the church of the Pilgrims last Sabbath evening.

After devotional exercises, the annual report was read by Rev. W. B. Lewis. The facts and statements which it embodied were of an interesting and encouraging character. During four years and a half past, a Bethel meeting has been held every Tuesday evening, and the average number who have signed the temperance pledge at each meeting is twenty, making the whole number now numbers ninety members. The five different evangelical denominations of the city are united in its support.

Rev. Mr. Steward, of the Baptist Bethel, New York, who had spent sixteen years of his life on the ocean, next addressed the meeting. He spoke of the good done, and to be done, both to the bodies and souls of seamen. He told of a sailor who, when invited to the "Sailor's Home" in New York, replied that he did not know before that a sailor had any home. When he hove in sight of the Sailor's Home, he was taken "all aback." He "backed and filled," much in doubt, and finally ventured in, and found it truly a "home." He did not know that he had a soul till Capt. Richardson, in reading the passage, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," was interrupted with the question, "What is a soul?" and when told its nature and value, "Sir," said the sailor, "this soul matter must be a big business."

He spoke of the conversion of seamen—of the influence which converted seamen exert in spreading the gospel, and in doing good to others in different parts of the world. He told of a converted sailor, who had been a whaler, and who, in relating his conversion in sailor phrase, said, "God harpooned me at New London, and in great agony of mind I ran a line clear round Cape Horn before I turned up; but the iron was deep in my soul, and God held me fast. I could not get it out till my heart surrendered to Christ." This sailor at once became active in doing good. When a seaman is converted it is a whole conversion, purse and all. In the case of some men, all but their purse is converted. Not so with the sailor. To-day, said the speaker, in a collection taken up at our Bethel, we found wrapped in a piece of paper, twelve new and bright half dollars, a sailor's contribution. Recently a sailor at Chili sent Mr. S. a token of his gratitude—a trifle, as the sailor called it. It was two doubloons.—The sailor's large-heartedness and liberality is proverbial.

While I was pastor of a church at a seaport town in Connecticut, said Mr. S. 192 seamen became members of it; but I have never known so much anxious inquiry among sailors as now, concerning the salvation of their souls; nor so many conversions among them. Give seamen the gospel, and make them feel that they are men, and you have done a blessed work for them.

Rev. Mr. Osborn, of the Methodist church, next addressed the meeting, and dwelt in a forcible manner on the sufferings and privations of seamen, and their midnight vigils amid the storms of ocean, in bringing the luxuries of other climes to administer to our comforts and gratify the taste of the people in this land.

Rev. W. B. Lewis next presented briefly the wants of the Society, and its claims for support on the good people of Brooklyn, in so happy and forcible a manner, that we are quite sure that if all could have heard the felicitous appeal, the wants of the Society would have been promptly supplied.

A collection was then taken up, and the meeting closed with prayer and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Jacobus.

The Existence of God.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord! on Thee
Eternity has its foundation; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word breathed all, and doth create;
The splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining, Fountain!

Frederica Poet.

It has been seriously doubted whether there ever was a real Atheist. The writer never saw but one to whom he thought the epithet could be justly applied. It requires far greater efforts to reject the evidences of the divine existence than to receive them. In the one case, we shut our eyes on the beauty and order of the universe; and in the other we open them to behold its loveliness and grandeur. The Atheist is the most singular being on the earth. He will deny a God, and yet call upon him in an hour of affliction! He will deny and deride a Supreme Being, yet hope there may be one! And, to cap the climax of all absurdities, he denies all miracles, and yet holds to the greatest miracle in creation, that the universe came into being without a creating power! Atheism, if it ever did exist, I apprehend will only be found among the most depraved of our race. And it will generally be found that when a man comes to the conclusion that there is no God, and that he will perish like a brute, he will act like a brute!—Such is the chilling and demoralizing effect of infidelity! Such being the case, the extravagant remark of Lord Bacon, seems very appropriate: "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind."

What have we Done?

An important question: What have we done? We have breathed, moved and lived on the fruits of the earth. Have we made others better or happier? Have we accomplished any good for mankind? Have we been the instruments of suppressing vice and immorality and promoting virtue and industry? If not, it is high time for us to inquire, what have we done? Certain it is, if we live on in the same dull round, no one will ever point to us as the instruments of good, and we shall pass off the stage of life, leaving the world in a worse condition than we found it. If there is a life that we look upon with a kind of horror, it is such as those characters lead, who never cast a thought to the future, or care what is in the influence they exert, provided they enjoy the present moment, and pass away quickly the time that would otherwise hang heavily upon their hands. A laudable ambition we are bound to encourage—an ambition that will prompt to holy deeds and generous impulses—that will lead the possessor, step by step, in the path of usefulness. Let all our young men be thus ambitious, and whenever they should feel like asking themselves, "What I have done?" they could point to much that would give them pleasant reflections and make them at last resigned, whenever the summons came for them to prepare for the grave.

The Family Hearth-Stone.

How little do we think of the future destiny of those who daily gather round our cheerful hearth-stone, that the time will come when those who are now united by the most endearing ties, who have drawn their sustenance from the same beloved source, who have shared the same pillow, and who have participated in each other's joys and sorrows, must be separated; and, alas! how often estranged in heart and affections, each following some favorite phantom, all eager to obtain what seems to them to be the greatest happiness independent of each other; and fortunate are those, who, in the combat of life, are not arrayed against those of their own household; that such is too often the case we have only to observe what is daily passing around us.

On one side a brother enjoying every luxury which wealth can procure, on the other the playmate of his youth, the sharer of his little cot, the brother who knelt at the same knee and lisped at the same prayer, toiling on day after day, while the rich man is squandering his thousands on some object which may raise him to a still higher station than the one he now occupies, regardless of the toil and suffering of him who is less fortunate. Why is it that we feel so little sympathy for the poor and distressed—are we lacking in kindly feelings and generosity? Has the world so crushed and destroyed all the earlier affections? We trust not—for if we look attentively at some of the movements of the day, we shall see that charity and brotherly love have not entirely deserted this world of ours—that amid all the selfishness that surrounds us, occasionally a flower springs up in the desert, and the hearts of the widow and orphan are made glad, and the down-trodden and oppressed are cheered by the voice of kindness and love, and in the words of the poet and philanthropist Cowper, we can say—

"God, working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man."

The Gay Young Sportsmen.

On one occasion, when Rev. Mr. Brown, and others, were assisting a brother minister in services preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which services in Scotland usually take place on the last days of the week preceding the "sacramental Sabbath," and are frequently held in the open air, a couple of gay young men had been out hunting, and on their return home, drew near to the large congregation who were listening at that moment to the preaching of an eloquent, but somewhat showy divine. After standing a few moments, the one said to the other, "Did you ever hear such preaching as that?" "No," he replied with an oath, "but he don't believe a word of it." After this preacher had closed, there stood upon the "tent" (a temporary pulpit erected in the open air for the accommodation of the ministers,) an old, humble looking man, who announced his text in a trembling voice, as if he were afraid to speak in God's name. He went on, and became more and more interesting, more and more impressive. The young men were awed, and listened with reverent attention to the close, when the one, turning to the other, said, "And what d'ye think of that?" "Think of it," he replied, "I don't know what to think. Why, did you see how every now and then he turned round in the tent, as if Jesus Christ were behind him, and he was asking, 'Lord, what shall I say next?'" This preacher was John Brown, the secret of whose pulpit eloquence was, the inspiration of an humble and contrite heart, touched by the finger of the Almighty; an eloquence as far transcending that of the mere orator, as the divine and heavenly transcends the human and earthly.—*Turnbull's "Genius of Scotland."*

A Worthy object of Pursuit.

We naturally love to have the soul filled. There is something inexpressibly delightful in having the mind filled with a great and a noble purpose—such a purpose as may lawfully absorb all the feelings of the heart, and kindle every desire of the soul! Who ever reared a dwelling perfect enough to meet the desires of the soul? Who ever had the thirst quenched by drinking here? Who ever had an earthly object engrossing the heart, which did not leave room for restlessness? Not so, when the glory of God fills the soul, and the eye is fixed on that, as the great end of life. You may live near him, and draw continually nearer; and the soul does not feel the passion of envy, or jealousy, or disappointment, as she comes near the object of her desires. Having, increases the desire for more, and more is added; for sin has no connection with the gift. They who are near the throne are full of this one thought—how can we do most to promote the glory of him who is over all, God blessed forever! No contracted plans, no trifling thoughts, no low cares, enter their bosoms; for they are already filled.—*Todd.*

Disimulation, like other sins, admits of degrees. The heart may dissemble radically and entirely, so as to be wholly hypocritical; so as not to feel any portion of that love to God, of that faith, of that gratitude, of that sense of duty, of that purpose of obedience which the tongue expresses. Or it may dissemble partially; feeling weakly and insufficiently those sentiments towards Him, which dwell with parade and seeming warmth upon the lips. The doom which awaits the complete hypocrite cannot be doubted. Let the partial hypocrite beware, lest he at last come to the same place of torment.

Religious truth is pre-eminently calculated to awaken all the energies of the willing soul. It speaks of its destiny and glory; it reveals the foundations on which the temple of heavenly love is built, and unlocks to patient and watchful thought, the sanctuary of mysteries.

Poetry.

"The Night Cometh."

BY MRS. E. C. KENNEY.

Ye, who in the field of human life
Quickening seeds of wisdom fain would sow,
Pause not for the angry tempest's strife,
Shrink not from the noontide's fervid glow—
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Sheds abroad its pure and blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, who at man's mightiest engine stand,
Moulding noble thought into opinion,
Oh, stay not for weariness, your hand,
Till ye fix the bounds of truth's dominion;
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Sheds upon your toil its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, to whom a prophet voice is given,
Stirring men as by a trumpet's call,
Utter forth the oracles of Heaven—
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall;
Rouse the world's great heart, while yet the day
Breaks life's slumber with its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, who in home's narrow circle dwell, [hearth,
Where Love's flame lights up the household
Weave the silken bond, and frame the spell,
Binding heart to heart throughout the earth;
Pleasant toil is yours: the light of day
On nought holier sheds its blessed ray,
Yet the Night cometh!

Diverse though our paths in life may be,
Each is sent some mission to fulfill;
Fellow-workers in the world are we,
While we seek to do our Master's will;
But our doom is labor, while the day
Points us to our task, with blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Fellow-workers are we: hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great scheme,
Till we see no limit to man's power,
And reality outstrips old dreams.
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
In God's acre ye shall calmly sleep,
When the Night cometh!

[Literary World.]

Benevolence.

Oh, let us never lightly fling
A barb of word to wound another;
Oh, never let us haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound—but be
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of Charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound—nor to annoy,
In part of virtue's lesson too—
Peace, winged in fables' robes above,
Shall bend her down and brighten this,
When all men's labor be to love,
And all his thoughts—a brother's bliss.

Religious & Moral.

Christmas Evans.

We take the following biographical notice of this wonderful man, from the New Orleans Protestant. It will be read with interest.

We had the pleasure last week of recommending to our readers the life and sermons of Christmas Evans, but it is highly probable that some who saw that notice never heard of the man before. Christmas Evans was a Welshman, and to most of us Wales is an unexplored region. It is as truly a terra incognita as the interior of Africa. There is more accuracy in our maps, but not more real knowledge of the country. The author of these sermons was born on the 25th of December, 1776, in Cardiganshire, South Wales. He was the child of poor parents, who had not the means of educating their children, and he had passed the age of seventeen before he could read a word. When nine years of age his father died, and he was sent to an uncle, a very wicked man, where he was exposed to the dreadful influence of evil example. He afterwards lived as a servant with several farmers in his native parish. We have seen a history of this portion of his life, written by himself, in his own vigorous, glowing style. He describes himself as a monster of depravity, as the slave of evil passions, and subject to most of the vices of youth. We know not whether he was really as much worse than others as he represents himself to have been, or whether he was looking upon his youthful career through the telescope of an aged christian. As he possessed an ardent temperament, with a powerful physical development, and was exposed to many temptations, it is probable that he was a wild, ungovernable youth. But God had great things in store for him. At the age of eighteen he became convinced of his lost estate as a sinner, and joined the Arminian Presbyterians—for strange to tell, the Presbyterians of Wales are Arminians, and the Methodists are Calvinists.

He subsequently joined himself to the Calvinistic Baptists, among whom he labored with wonderful success for upwards of fifty years. He died at the advanced age of 73, in 1848—not quite ten years ago. Christmas Evans was a man of devoted piety. During the greater part of his long ministerial life, he maintained constant communion with his God, but he was more remarkable for his truly wonderful powers as an orator. He was one of those extraordinary men whom God raises up at long intervals, to astonish, delight, and bless his church. He wrote and preached in his native language, the Welsh, and the sermons which we have, labor under all the disadvantages of translation. Yet we have enough to convince us that when delivered in the original, with the aid of his commanding person, fine voice, and warm heart, the effect of his sermons must have been powerful beyond description. The people flocked in thousands to hear him, and we

are told that on one occasion, when he preached his sermon on the subject of the demoniac of Gadara, of which we have a meagre sketch, "During the first half hour, the people seemed like an assembly in a theatre, delighted with an amusing play;—after that, like a community in mourning over some great and good man, cut off by a sudden calamity; and at last, like the inhabitants of a city shaken by an earthquake, rushing into the streets, falling upon the earth, and screaming and calling upon God."

The Chequered Scenes of Life.

Human life is made up of expectations and disappointments. The pulses of the heart are alternately the vibrations of hope, and the palpitations of alarm; the prospect of futurity, which was yesterday so fair, is to-day become dark and obscure; the clouds hang heavily upon it: its features are invisible or indistinct, and the grossness of the medium through which they are beheld, if indeed they are seen at all, has distorted and deformed them. The man, who, but a short time back, desired to fix his residence forever in this fluctuating and eventful state of existence, in the bitterness of his spirit, is now crying, "Let me die, for I am not better than my fathers."

And did he expect to be better? What folly! what madness was this! Human life, simply considered, is the same in all ages; the rose has always been guarded with thorns; and he who would pluck the one, has grasped the other, to his "wounding and his hurt." The path through this wilderness continues to present the appearance which it ever wore. Sometimes it is strewn with flowers, and at others it is beset with briars. A part of the traveler's way lies through well watered plots, overshadowed, and pleasant as the garden of God; and a part, over horrid deserts frightful for solitude, without an object to charm the eye on the burning and sandy waste. He can neither tarry on the one, nor avoid the other.

To select either of these parts of the road which he is required to travel, would be an unjust and unequal specimen of the whole; yet, this unfair description of the country over which we are passing, is most usually given. Our representations of it are always partial, and often false, because we describe life under circumstances which are continually shifting; we judge under the influence of present feelings, and our feelings are perpetually fluctuating. When we speak of our comforts, or of our afflictions, it is usually in the language of the passions, and the language of the passions is every thing but accurate. This is the reason why one man paints human life as all misery, and another all gaiety. Neither of these can be deemed a faithful delineation. The coloring of the one is too high; the glowing tint that overspreads the piece, is too warm for the original: the other dips his pencil in the preparation of melancholy; a mass of shade deforms the picture; and the whole effect is too dark and gloomy.

If we would correct our style, we must learn from the execution of an inspired pencil. Whenever this is employed, the face of nature is faithfully portrayed.—Nothing is softened; nor is there a harshness introduced into the piece, unknown to the original. Life is represented as it really is, and not as it appears to the human imagination, dazzled by the false coloring of hope, or dismayed by the dismal shadow of melancholy.—Collyer.

Remarkable Deliverance.

We met the following singular narrative, the other day, in the volume of a Canadian missionary who has recently published certain reminiscences of his life and labors.—"The story is well told, and the incident which forms its subject, whether called 'accidental' or 'providential,' was certainly remarkable.—Conn. Adr.

"About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M——, a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off except a little furniture. 'After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy.

"'Oh! no,' she said, 'not unprotected; far from it! You forget, I am now under the special protection of Him 'who careth for the fatherless and the widow,' and I feel quite confident that He will protect us.'

"And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale.—The mother and the three young children, and a maid servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

"This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of

the house immediately beneath the bed-chamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

"She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, whence she thought that the noise she first heard had proceeded.

"She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelping of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

"The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M—— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

"They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess.

"He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterward.

"They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M. reminded me that, when I last saw her, she had told me that they were not unprotected."

Popery and Human Nature.

The greatest difficulty in contending with popery, is its extreme adaptation to the corruption of our fallen nature. It has that wherewith it can meet every desire of the natural man, and soothe every anxiety about the soul. For the literate, it has prodigious stores of learning; for the illiterate, it has its images, pomps and shows; for the self-righteous, it has its innumerable ways of external service; for the most devout, it has its unceasing prayers; for the musician, it has the most exquisite chants and anthems; for the painter, the most splendid efforts of human arts; for the imaginative, all the visions of fancy—its gloomy cloisters, lights and processions, and incense, and beautiful churches with painted windows, and priests with splendid garments, and varied dresses. To quiet the conscience, it has doctrines of human merit and works of supererogation; to alarm the indifferent, it has fears of purgatory; to raise the priesthood, they can make a little flour and water into a God, and will themselves worship what they make; to give ease to the conscience of the man of the world, and the lover of pleasure, each sin has its indulgence and penance. All men, at times, are under fears of God's wrath, their conscience is touched; they are in anxiety; and at such times popery comes in and gives them a sop that satisfies them for the moment, and sends them into the sleep of death. It covers every lust; it calms every fear. It is the devil's cunning device of two hundred years' growth, for leading countless millions to perdition.—Let us not be ignorant of its devices.—Rev. E. Bickersteth.

Common Sense.

One trait of a sound mind, of great importance to a reformer, is good common sense. I do not mean by this, mere ordinary capacities of mind, but a delicate mental quality, that acts as the hair-spring to the entire machinery within. And what is more necessary in a successful reformer than this trait. Without it the clock-work in man runs strangely irregular. Common sense gives us familiarity with the avenues to the common heart. It sees and touches the hidden springs of human nature. It is conversant with the true relations of human life. It gives to man the power of adaptation to all necessities and circumstances. It is consistent and discriminating in all its observations. Like instinct, it acts by a sort of intuition, without going thro' the slow processes of reasoning. Like conscience, it arrives at results, without a conscious course of argumentation. It is the instinct, the conscience, of rational nature. Under its influence the intellect acts in a right direction, and the conduct and conversation are rendered consistent and agreeable by the spontaneous force of this invisible regulator of mind. As the conscience, by a kind of moral intuition, discovers the obligations that result from the natural relations of man, so the faculty of common sense, if faculty you may call it—

suggests the legitimate bearings and relations of things in the great world around us. It instinctively perceives the relation between cause and effect, and appreciates the obvious fitness of things. He who has this rare trait of mind has the power to make principles practical and to apply general rules to particular cases. He rarely falls into mistakes and inconsistencies.—Where, in all the world is good common sense more needed, than in the responsibilities connected with changing the habits and hearts of men. He who is deficient in this gift of nature will labor in vain in the work of reforming human nature. What is more essential in reform than that which acquaints us with men and things, and shows us the avenues to the human heart? What more important than the power which touches the various springs of human action. How essential in the work of moral change is that sense which discovers the diversified relations of men, and enables us to adapt ourselves usefully to the exigencies and constitutions around us. Who, more than the practical reformer, needs to see the precise relation between cause and effect, means and end, and appreciate the proper fitness of things. Who, most of all men, needs to shun the improprieties into which men are prone to fall. The true reformer needs to understand the art of applying principles to particular circumstances, and adapting general rules to particular cases. Without a pretty good share of common sense, he never could possess that art.—Chr. Mirror.

American Battles.

Comparative loss of the Battles of the Revolution, arranged according to priority.

British loss.		Am. loss.	
Lexington, Apr. 19, 1775,	273	84	
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1054	453	
Platibus, Aug. 12, 1776,	400	200	
White Plains, Aug. 26, 1776,	400	400	
Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776,	1000	9	
Princeton, Jan. 5, 1777,	400	100	
Hubbardston, Aug. 7, 1777,	180	800	
Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777,	890	100	
Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777,	590	1200	
Stillwater, Sept. 17, 1777,	600	350	
Germantown, Oct. 4, 1777,	600	1200	
Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777,	5752	sur.	
Red Bank, Oct. 22, 1777,	500	32	
Mumfordsburg, June 25, 1778,	400	130	
Rhode Island, Aug. 27, 1778,	260	211	
Briar Creek, March 30, 1779,	13	400	
Stony Point, July 15, 1779,	600	100	
Camden, Aug. 16, 1780,	375	610	
King's Mountain, Oct. 1, do.	950	96	
Cowpens, Jan. 17, 1781,	800	72	
Guilford, C. H., March 15, do.	523	400	
Hobkirk's Hill, April 25, 1781,	400	400	
Eutaw Springs, Sept. 8, 1781,	1000	550	
Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781,	7072	sur.	
Total,	24,853	9,697	

Contingencies.

Our friend Cist resumed some weeks ago the publication of his Advertiser, in Cincinnati. He is a captain in his way. He can hunt up more queer things, and tell more interesting and quaint yarns, than anybody we know. Few remarkable out-of-the-way things, past or present, escape him. The following is only a specimen.—Louisville Democrat.

During the presidential canvass of 1840, the office of the Cincinnati Republican was kept in the room I occupy in Jones' building, opposite the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co. Bank. Col. Todd, the editor, had been the mid-de-camp of Gen. Harrison during the war of 1812, and the General made this editorial sanctum a species of headquarters, on his visit to Cincinnati, during that period of excitement. General Harrison, on one occasion, had been writing a letter at a desk in one part of the office, and just stepped across the room to get a wafer to seal it, from Col. Todd, when a mass of plaster from the ceiling, two feet in diameter, and so thick it could tire piece probably weighed forty pounds, fell upon the spot he had just left. The space laid bare is visible to this date. He was bare headed at the time, and had the falling mass struck him, it would undoubtedly have cost his life.

On the sealing of that letter, depended, in all probability, not only the political revolution of 1840, but the elevation of John Tyler, the succession of James K. Polk, the annexation of Texas, and the present war with Mexico, perhaps to the elevation to the presidency of Gen. Taylor, in 1848, and successive dependencies in the great chain of cause and effect.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.—The dismal monotony of our Irish intelligence is agreeably relieved this morning by a very unexpected novelty. It is absolutely startling in its extraordinary singularity. A Roman Catholic clergyman, in a discourse from the pulpit, is reported to have lectured his flock upon their ignorance and indolence. His language is nothing short of high treason against the Irish character; "Interested and designing knaves," says this apostle of truth, "have told you, you were the finest peasantry on earth; those who told you so were impostors. You are a patient people, warm hearted and religious; but you are an unenlightened people, are not educated, and a very few degrees removed from barbarism. The time is arrived when you must help yourselves, and the first step to that is to till the ground. Sympathizing nations feel your sufferings, and are ready to assist you. But if you do not shake off this apathy, this torpor, which seems to be taking possession of your very souls, and do all in your power to produce food for the next year, instead of exciting their sympathy, you will become a bye-word to the nations of the earth, as a lazy, indolent, mean people, who would rather trust to the bounty of others than exert themselves." The

place where this took place was Tralace, an assize town, a few miles north of the Lakes of Killarney, but situated in a poor and ill-cultivated country. The Very Rev. Dr. McEnery was the clergyman, and his name deserves to be enrolled among the benefactors of his country.—London Times.

Costume of Former Times.

When Gov. Bowdoin reviewed the troops of Massachusetts, in 1747, he was dressed in a gray wig, cocked hat, and white broadcloth coat and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1803, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and in summer, black silk gowns.

In 1783, Gen. Washington arrived in New York, from Mount Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England, soon after, he wore the old continental uniform, except on Sunday, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice-President, wore a sword, and walked the streets with his hat under his arm.

At his levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair was powdered, and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles; he held in his hand a cocked hat ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep, with black feathers—a long sword, in a white leather scabbard, with a polished steel hilt hung at his hip.

INDIANS WORSHIPPING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—A delegation of Sac and Fox Indians, headed by the Prophet Keokuk, and the young Chief, Black Hawk, recently descended Missouri River in a steamboat. As they approached the mouth of the river they dressed, painted and ornamented themselves. On arriving at the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri, they looked up to heaven, knelt down and looked into the waters, went through various ceremonies and gesticulations, and manifested a religious reverence for the father of floods. A child was then made to throw a string of wampum into the stream, and for some time they continued to sing and go through other exercises, apparently deeply affected.

CHRISTIAN ECONOMY.—Religion is not meant to exclude worldly thoughts, but to sanctify them. A heart right with God thinks how it may use the world, and not abuse it; enjoy it, and not rest in it; how it may turn all its business into religion by making it obedience to God, and all its pleasures into religion by enjoying them in his fear: how it may best improve its acquisitions, whether of wealth or knowledge, to his glory, and gain for itself the fullest opportunities to worship at his feet, and prepare for his kingdom.—Jefferson.

REGRET.—An habitual drunkard having found in a dream, a cup of excellent wine, set about warming it, to enjoy it with more gont. But just as he was about to quaff this delicious draught, he awoke. "What a fool am I," said he, "why was I not content to drink it cold."

"He is the most just man who does justice to himself without any one else to judge him."

Dean Swift says a woman may knit her stockings, but not her brow; she may darn her hose, but not her eyes; curl her hair, but not her lips; thread her needle, but not the public street.

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Hartford, Jan. 1, 1847.

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